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Germany

MR. HOOVER'S report to President Truman concerning the food situation in Germany (he intends to supplement it with further reports on other economic and health problems) should serve to awaken us somewhat concerning the mess we all have created in that country. It may be said that the mess is more to be laid at the doors of Russia and the satellite Polish Government than at our own or Britain's. In a certain sense this is true, since the mess in large part arises from Russia's demands at Potsdam and Russian objection to some of the steps necessary for the reconstruction of Germany. It also arises from the Polish Government's having chosen to view the German regions over which it was given administration as having been annexed. But the melancholy fact remains that neither Britain nor the United States has produced effective leadership to prevent or even protest at the tragedy. That has remained for a few private citizens and a few opposition politicians in both countries. An honorable exception in England has been Mr. Michael Foot, a Labor Member of Parliament, who has minced no words:

> For women and children, creatures such as these, there is for their protection an older law than any promulgated at Potsdam: "But whosoever shall offend against one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." In these infamies are to be allowed to continue there will be a shortage of millstones to set beside the other shortages in Europe.

Even Mr. Hoover's report conveys none of the indignation required by true moral leadership.

The basic facts of the case are admirably depicted in a pamphlet issued by the Committee Against Mass Expulsion, entitled "The Land of the Dead." This pamphlet has the endorsement of a variety of responsible Americans, and it paints a terrible picture. (Copies may be obtained for twenty-five cents by addressing the Committee at Room 706, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.) What has transpired throughout eastern Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary is a horror exceeding what Hitler did in size, if not in devilishness of intent. It amounts to this: 20,000,000 people in eastern Europe are either threatened by expulsion from their homes or have already been expelled. That these people are Germans is no excuse, since there are numbered among them millions of children, who cannot be held responsible for what their elders may have done, as well as Germans known to have made great sacrifices in fighting Hitler, and even German Jews. The only conceivable moral excuse for having allowed this situation to arise would have to be based on the theory of collective guilt, which we included among the things specifically condemned at the Nuremberg tribunal.

Some 10,000,000 of these forcibly expelled Germans have gravitated into the British and American zones, where they have rendered the food, housing, health and moral conditions unspeakable. And some 4,000,000 persons have simply disappeared during the course of the last year and a half. The way in which all of these people have been treated by the Polish militia has been bestial and savage beyond belief. The whole business adds up to one of the worst crimes against humanity ever committed. Whether it has been deliberately done, to produce the chaos in which Russian aims thrive best, is another matter.

Of course Mr. Hoover's recommendation, which means an additional burden on American and British taxpayers, deserves to be carried out. But what is far more important, the whole subject needs a thorough and public airing at the forthcoming conference in Moscow to determine the future of Germany. Perhaps it is hopeless to expect that these people will ever again see their homes. Yet some eloquent voice should be raised on their behalf, a voice admitting our sins of omission as well as specifying the sad history of the sins of commission. Nothing short of this can possibly clear the air of a pestilential stench now beginning to emanate from all Central Europe, a stench which can carry with it the virus of new and bloodier disasters than any we have yet seen.

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The U.S. and the British Crisis

WHAT IS the underlying reason for the British crisis and the consequent weakening of the ties of Empire? The London *Tablet* has it very pat. That able, arch-conservative Catholic weekly, in an issue announcing the first interruption of publication in more than a century (decreed by the British fuel shortage), blames the trouble squarely on the Labor Government.

A series of signed and unsigned analyses makes the following capital of the crisis. There is plenty of unmined coal but talent and experience have been left on the shelf while a "managerial revolution" has sunk the coal industry into a morass of bureaucratic lethargy. Contrast this sort of planned production with man's experience that freedom of enterprise is the key to all-out production. And bear in mind that Arthur Horner, head of the British coalminers union, declares that coal production depends upon the maintenance of the Labor Government in political power.

This clever denunciation reaches a climax in the observation that, parallel with the Government's grandiose planning for the distant future and the continual assumption of greater and greater power, is the fact that in crisis after immediate crisis in Britain, occupied territories and in the Empire, Mr. Attlee invariably backs down. And in its tragically romantic proletarianism the Labor Party is intent, regardless, on realizing the Socialist Commonwealth, the plans for which (unkindest jibe of all) were drawn up from ten to fifty years ago.

There are enough grains of truth here to make this believable at first reading, especially since nationalization of coal, electric power and transport continues to proceed. But aside from a hasty nod in the direction of the need for modern mining processes, the *Tablet* virtually ignores the factors which would cripple postwar Britain regardless of her current political complexion. No weighing of her industrial manpower deficiency, no recognition of the wearing effects of uninterrupted labor on short rations after six years of exhausting war etc. etc. On the contrary the *Tablet* claims that the present difficulties show that the workers cannot be expected to bestir themselves for the vague sort of general goal which socialism proposes, and neglects to mention that British strikes have been infinitely less widespread than here in America. In sum the *Tablet* does not succeed in shaking the conviction that Britain is up against it regardless of her politics.

What does this mean for the United States? In such sectors as Greece and Palestine and western Germany, the weakened British cannot carry on unaided, while there are a number of other strategic centers where British influence is in jeopardy. Although one can hardly agree with Mr. Del Vayo of the *Nation* in New York, that the solution of her manpower and financial problems would be a drastic cut in the Empire's armed forces, a certain reduction there seems inevitable.

Too many Americans do not see their stake in this. So few are global strategists conscious of the vast oil reserves developed (for the use of U.S. armed forces) in the Middle East. Without Anglo-American presence in Greece, Turkey can no longer hold out against Soviet pressure, while slightly further to the east lies Palestine beyond which are the all-important oil fields.

That is just one point. But whatever our differences, our rivalry over raw materials and markets, our competition in the carrier trade and all the rest, the fact remains that Britain and America have in common a language, a widely observed respect for human freedom, a natural opposition to the further spread of totalitarianism. Then England and the Dominions hold a geographical position complementary to the United States and her possessions. War-drained Britain is our only political friend left which is potentially powerful.

Firmness backed by strength is the only language which the present Russian government heeds. The hour has come for the solidest sort of an alliance. Americans who believe that leaving the rest of the world to an expanding Russia is a way to peace could scarcely be more egregiously mistaken. And if the Anglo-American partnership (in which the United States is the senior partner) is full-fledged, there can be no haggling in the halls of Congress over vitally urgent credits and matériel. Neither can there be a giving way to Russia in the crucial German settlement.

There is a danger, of course, of attempting to spread American resources and power too thin. All the more reason for the alliance. To work out a joint plan with Britain and the Dominions would be far more economical than attempting piecemeal commitments alone. On such a basis it could also be decided where to focus the strong resistance, what bastions could and should be held and all the rest. Such a policy need not be provocative in announcement or execution but merely take the form of quietly standing firm, stubbornly riding the storm until a more cooperative régime takes over in Russia. Today the American people face the choice of resistance now in conjunction with a like-minded commonwealth of nations or facing an aggressive military equal in a very few years—alone.

The Taft Education Bill

ANYONE who is more than casually interested in the feeble condition of our national school system must regret that the Supreme Court decision on the New Jersey school bus case was handed down at so awkward a moment. It is surely not the business of the Supreme Court to arrange its work to suit the public temper, but it is nevertheless a shame that the Court decision

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permitting the use of public funds (in this case, tax money raised by the State of New Jersey) to pay for the transportation of children to Catholic as well as to public schools should have come at a time when there is a most pressing need for a peaceful and united approach to the national education problem. The Court decision in this case, while upholding an undeniable right to a minor benefit, has brought on, in Catholic circles, a considerable amount of preening, and has reawakened among Protestants a new wave of anti-Vatican hysteria. Neither of these attitudes will make it any easier for Congress to act promptly and impartially on the question of Federal aid for our wobbly national school system.

Catholics should realize by now that the task of talking Protestants out of their Vatican anxieties is an extremely long and difficult job, not likely to be accomplished in this generation. It might be better, then, to give more attention to other ways of convincing Protestants that the Catholic minority in this country is not solely concerned with the task of gaining, for Catholics, a series of minor victories in a scramble for civil rights. The Taft bill for Federal aid to education provides that chance.

Passage of the Taft bill—which calls for the extension of $250,000,000 worth of Federal aid to the faltering state school systems—is still a long way off, but already a good part of the Catholic press is calling for firm opposition to the bill, on the grounds, apparently, that there is no provision in the bill which would require the States to use any of the $250,000,000 for the sustenance of parochial schools. The Taft bill would leave the matter of distribution up to the States, most of which have constitutions that prohibit the allocation of public funds to parochial schools. Catholic opposition to the bill on these grounds seems both naïve and unjust. The non-Catholic reaction to the Supreme Court decision in the New Jersey school bus case should convince Catholics that the possibility, in this era, of getting through Congress an education bill which would provide for Federal or State aid to Catholic schools is slight indeed. While waiting for the ideal political climate to come along it is pointless and harmful for Catholics to oppose a bill which, in spite of its neglect of parochial schools, would save the national public school system from further debility. It just happens that the majority of children in this country attend public schools. To deprive them, and the people who teach them, of the financial help they must have if our general educational level is to be maintained at its present quite respectable level, merely because parochial schools are not to receive the same degree of help, is evidence of a discouraging social short-sightedness.

Catholic support of the Taft bill would do much to soothe those who have been roused by what they consider the incipient dangers in the Supreme Court decision regarding the New Jersey school transportation case and it would furnish the best possible proof that Catholics, in spite of their minority standing, are first of all concerned for the general social good.

The CIO and Politics

THERE are several things we don't like about Philip Murray's recent political move with regard to the Progressive Citizens of America (communist-tainted) and the Americans for Democratic Action (openly anti-communist). He has apparently decided that higher national officers of the CIO, including vice-presidents, should withdraw from both organizations. The reasons for and the effects of such a withdrawal are not entirely calculable from the newspaper dispatches, but there are other indications of what Mr. Murray was after. Thus the *New Republic* in its labor department, which was printed somewhat before Mr. Murray announced his decision, and therefore was probably based on CIO Washington opinion, said:

> Part of the CIO internal struggle over political action was revealed when Philip Murray was elected, in his absence, as a vice-president of the Progressive Citizens of America, while James B. Carey and others gravitated to Americans for Democratic Action, which thinks the PCA isn't sound in admitting Communists.
>
> A possible solution would be for Murray to withdraw from the PCA and other CIO leaders to pull out of the ADA, the public explanation being that the CIO's own Political Action Committee deserved the undivided attention of one and all. Unhappily, this solution would not settle the Communist issue within the CIO or the progressive movement, nor would it help build a large-scale liberal organization deriving much of its mass strength from the union rank and file.

This would seem an eminently logical explanation of the incident. And one is forced to agree that it does not by any means "settle the communist issue within the CIO or the progressive movement." It likewise has the unhappy effect of eliminating half of the possible labor base for the ADA. In fact it will far more greatly injure the ADA than the PCA, since the latter has plenty of the usual communist get-up-and-go, whereas the former badly needs the energy and enthusiasm of such men as Walter Reuther and John Green. But there is an even more serious objection than this. It is certainly not in the tradition of American politics to prevent individuals who are officers of large organizations from affiliating themselves with whatever political groups they wish, short of groups specifically inimical to the organizations of which they are members. That the president of the CIO, which prides itself on being "democratic," should act in this fashion does not sit right with us. We hope that when the matter is fully discussed at the next meeting of the CIO executive board Mr. Murray will change his mind or be out-voted.

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Is It Really One World?

How we are one and how we are many*

James Burnham

WENDELL WILLKIE, with an enthusiasm touched off by the wonders of modern air transport, popularized the phrase, "one world." The complex of feelings and ideas associated with the phrase were not, however, Willkie's discovery. They have a longer history.

The first expression, in the West, of the notion of the unity of the world was, according to tradition, by Alexander the Great, who therein went beyond the philosophic ideas of his tutor Aristotle. It was developed further by the Stoics of the Roman Empire, by Dante, partly under Stoic influence, and by the medieval philosophers, with their doctrine of a universal "natural law." Kant, in his moral philosophy, gave it a new variation; and it reappears today among the beliefs of many internationalists.

The oneness of the world, as interpreted by the core of meaning shared in this lineage, extended over 2,300 years, and to be found also in Confucius and in the earliest, non-supernatural form of Buddhism, is a secular philosophic conception that all men are one because they share in a "common humanity." Whatever the diversities in their talents or circumstances, all men are subject to the laws of the universal cosmos, all men have reason, all men are moral beings, equally able to exercise moral will and equally bound by moral duty. "World humanity," "the world community," therefore, are not empty abstractions, but are phrases which sum up the objective metaphysical reality of a single universal human nature.

In recent years, this philosophic conception has been given a more naturalistic, empirical slant. Emphasis is sometimes put not so much on reason, moral will, and natural law that men are, in some complicated metaphysical manner, presumed to share, as on the basic biological and psychological needs, desires and impulses that they undoubtedly do share: needs for food, sex and shelter, the desire for some sort of security, the impulse toward sociality.

A content similar to that of these secular conceptions is to be found, transferred into religious language, in the ideas of the great world religions, particularly in Christianity, Hinduism and Buddhism. In Christianity this is summed up in the New Testament doctrine of "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." Since God is the Creator and Father of all men equally, since our being is alike derived from Divinity, we are therefore all brothers.

This, then, is the first specifiable meaning, or rather set of meanings, that can be given to the phrase, "one world." The world is one because all men share a common humanity, whether that humanity is interpreted in naturalistic, metaphysical or religious terms. What bearing, then, does the oneness of the world, so understood, have upon the cold historical problems of world politics in our time?

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The answer, unfortunately, is that it has almost no bearing at all. Whatever common humanity men may have, they must have had it from the beginning. Men have existed on the earth for at least several hundred thousand years, and probably for several million. Their common humanity has never prevented them from always being divided, from always fighting, killing, torturing and oppressing each other. The very philosophers who proclaimed the metaphysical doctrine have been conspicuous in the fighting and the torturing; the religions which profess the Fatherhood of God have inspired among the fiercest of the wars and persecutions; the fashionable naturalists of common humanity in our own time have not been backward in defending the saturation bombing of helpless cities, where common humanity was thoroughly disintegrated in common.

Experience does not, then, suggest that comman humanity has had much effect in contributing to the historical goal of one world community. The trouble with the doctrine is, first, that in its selection of certain common factors from the totality of human nature it neglects many less desirable but equally universal factors, such as man's impulse to destruction and pain as well as to fraternity, his need for hate, his desire for domination, in short his irrationality, which is at least no less plain than his reason. Second, the

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doctrine, having decided on its common factors, fails to note that, in concrete reality, these are inextricably bound up with many other factors, both common and special, both universal and particular: with the other, neglected common factors, and with all the particulars of tribe, family, city, nation, property relations, language, wealth and poverty, customs and taboos, material resources, science and religion and technology and art. What men actually do in history, and notably the conflicts they get into with each other, are determined not so much by the abstracted factors which they have in common as by the specific circumstances of place and social structure and time, wherein their interests diverge and their objectives clash. The humanity common to a Soviet commissar, a Trobriand native, a Midwestern small farmer, and a Spanish Jesuit is a rather pale residue, a not very substantial foundation for the construction of one world.

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Moreover, the common needs and impulses that men have—for food, shelter, women, preeminence, wealth, pleasure—far from invariably bringing them together in brotherhood, are more usually sources of their mutual struggle. When there is not enough food to go around, reason and the moral will have never proved adequate to the task of deciding who gets what. The nomads of steppes become arid through climatic change descend on the plain, with as much and as little attention to the claims of moral duty as the housewives who throw themselves into the frenzy of the black market.

It would, nevertheless, be wrong to dismiss altogether the doctrine of common humanity and the brotherhood of man. Taken as a description of what men have been and are, of how they behave, it is distorted and even dangerously false. Projected as a guiding ideal, as a goal and purpose, the doctrine has not only a splendid nobility, so wonderfully expressed in those passages of Saint Matthew where Christ corrects the jealous separatism of the Scribes and Pharisees; but it has also, through the loyalty of those who believe in the ideal, a chance of influencing, toward the goal of brotherhood, the course of history.

It is not sentimental, but simply human, to have ideals. What is sentimental, and what so often leads to disaster, is to confuse ideals with present facts. Men are in fact not one but divided, not rational in their actions but predominantly irrational, not filled with love only but also with selfishness, not good but a strange mixture of evil and good. The facts remain, whatever words we use. But men can become less divided; and even if the hate and irrationality and evil cannot be eliminated, their consequences can, perhaps, be made less terrible. We rightly honor the ideal of common humanity. However far it is from solving, or even helping us much in solving, the problems of today, it remains a hope, and the best hope, for tomorrow.

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From the time of Karl Marx, the notion of one world has been given another, very different interpretation, an interpretation accepted by many who are not at all Marxists. The world has not in the past been one, the Marxists say, but it has become potentially one—will, they would say, inevitably soon become one—through the results of modern technology. Machines and mass production, rapid transportation and communication, world-wide economic interdependence through the world-wide division of labor and resources, the spread of science and its applications, all these have so linked all parts of the world together, so reduced the time and space dimensions applicable to human society, that the world is today as intimate a community as a county was a thousand years ago. When these facts are recognized, or merely through their effect even if unrecognized, the world as a whole will necessarily be organized, socially and politically, into a single world state or society, so that its political form will come into balance with its technological base.

This Marxian conclusion rests upon an assumption drawn from the Marxian theory of history. According to the theory, the nature of human society and the process of historical change depend "in the final analysis" (to use Engels's ambiguous words) upon the development of technology ("the means of production," in Marxian language). In the long run, everything else, property relations, class divisions, political organization, philosophy, art, morality and religion, follow causally from the state of technology as applied in the means of production. Therefore, Marxists reason today, since a single basic technology, a single means and method of production, are now world-wide in extent and influence, it follows that government (along with everything else) is, or is ready to be, world-wide. Mankind has become one because mankind as a whole now depends upon a single means and method of production.

This Marxian doctrine is in part true, and I shall separate out its truths before proceeding to state its errors.

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Through scientific technology, factories and machines and assembly lines, and an extreme division of labor, Western Civilization[1] has con-

[1] By "Western Civilization" I refer to that civilization whose original home was in the European peninsula, whose traditional religion has been Christianity, and whose historical career began at the end of the Dark Ages that followed the collapse of Hellenic Civilization.

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structed the extraordinary mechanical appliances and the remarkable method of production with which we are all familiar. These appliances, especially during the past century, have been spread into all parts of the earth. For the use of the Western productive plant, raw materials of many kinds, agricultural and mineral, have likewise been drawn from all parts of the earth. Some regions—notably Japan, Russia, and sections of such countries as China, India and Turkey—not themselves part of Western Civilization have even borrowed the method of production itself, and are turning out on their own account the mechanical appliances.

We must further note that historical geography depends upon an Einsteinian rather than a Newtonian function; that is, upon a combined space-time function. The devices for rapid communication and transportation, and for long-distance warfare, have historically speaking greatly reduced the size of the earth. The historical, political distance between two places depends primarily upon how long it takes to get from one to the other, either in person, or in influence, as by the proxy of a message or a bomb. Today it takes much less time for a man to go from New York to Moscow than it took him 150 years back to go from New York to Boston; and it takes incomparably less time for a radio message or a rocket to travel either distance.[2] Therefore it is correct to say that, in certain respects at least, the world today is a community as geographically intimate as a county a thousand years ago.

A conclusion of great importance does follow from these truths. They do not prove that the world and its civilization are one, or that a world community is inevitable; but they show that the administration of the world, or most of the world, as a single state is now technically possible. There is no longer any insuperable technical obstacle to a degree of integration in armed power, police, courts, finances and economy sufficient to constitute a unified world state.

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From this positive conclusion, which I shall later use in positive analysis, we may turn to the errors in the Marxian doctrine. Of these, there are principally two. First, the existing facts are over-stated. Though it is true that the mechanical appliances of Western Civilization are found all over the earth, they are in many regions far from abundant, in not a few so rare as to make hardly a ripple in the sea of the local culture. Airplanes have by now been seen, probably, by most human beings; but there are comparatively few places where airplanes have become part of ordinary daily life. A radio or an electric iron or a light bulb is still a magical sensation among well over half the peoples of the earth. If we study economic maps of the distribution of railroads or electric power plants or automobiles or telephones, what impresses us is not that they diffuse the earth, but quite the contrary, that most of the world is almost entirely without them.

If we consider the advanced Western means of production, we find that their distribution is even more narrowly limited. The maps show only a few major concentrations: in the United States, in England, in certain areas of the Soviet Union, in Japan and the adjacent Chinese coast, and in part of Continental Europe; and the Second World War has considerably reduced the last two. Elsewhere, it is only in a few seacoast city areas in India, Brazil, Argentina, Australia and perhaps one or two other nations that we find significant quantities of the typical Western means of production—the factories, mills, power plants.

The mechanical appliances of the West are not, therefore, literally present everywhere in the world. The most that we can correctly say is that their power and influence are felt, directly or indirectly, everywhere in the world.

The second Marxian error is deeper. It is the error in the assumption drawn from the general theory of history, the error in the belief that technology is the sole determinant of the nature and process of history and civilization. Technology is unquestionably one of the decisive causal forces in history, and in the history of Western Civilization, especially since the Renaissance, it has been perhaps more influential than any other causal force; but in the history of civilizations in general it must be reduced to merely one among several determining influences. Climate, custom, institutional forms, religion, morality, even intelligence and individual genius, all have at least a relative autonomy as historical forces. The nature and fate of civilizations is the resultant of the interaction of all of these, and still others, with each other, and with, of course, technology as well.

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We who belong to Western Civilization have our vision distorted by a parochial blindness. We assume the identity of mankind as a whole with ourselves. All that we can see of the peoples of the earth is ourselves—the "civilized"—and a dim outer fringe of "natives." And since we are peculiarly distinguished by our technological prowess, we further confound civilization with technology. Through this narrow slit, this egocentrism, the world can appear as one, or almost one. If, however, we try for a moment to lift and

[2] This fact alone shows the absurdity of those who argue that there can be two great nations today—the United States and the Soviet Union, for example—with no potential basis of conflict because they have no "points of contact": that is, their borders do not meet on a conventional map. Today the real borders of all nations—the limits of their interests—all overlap.

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expand our vision, if we get rid of the filters of Westernization and technology, the map of the world falls into more profoundly varied contours.

The nations of Western Civilization are themselves, for that matter, bitterly and obviously divided, so bitterly that they have been engaged during the present century in the effort, not without success, to annihilate each other. They are divided in language, in economic interest, in governmental forms, in the axioms of jurisprudence. The fiercely divisive influence of nationalism is itself a phenomenon of our age. Our kind of nationalism arose in conjunction with the French Revolution, and today it shows few signs of abating. It is a remarkable fact that during the Second World War the effective resistance in Europe to both Nazism and communism turned out to be nationalist in motive. Neither freedom in the abstract nor "class war" nor "United Europe" nor "World Government" proved to be the rallying ideas of the undergrounds and the resistance movements. It was the idea of "France," of "Poland," of "Greece."

If there are these divisions within Western Civilization, how much more profoundly divided, then, is the world as a whole, where there simultaneously exist, along with Western Civilization, at least four other distinct civilizations—the Far Eastern, the Islamic, the Hindu, and the Orthodox Christian—together with the remains of several earlier civilizations, and even a number of surviving primitive cultures?

> The misleading feature in the social environment has been the fact that, in modern times, our own Western Civilization has cast the net of its economic system round the World and has caught in its meshes the whole living generation of Mankind and all the habitable lands and navigable seas on the face of the Planet. . . .
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> [Western observers who believe in "the unity of civilization," in "one world"] have exaggerated the range of the facts in two directions. First, they have assumed that the present more or less complete unification of the World on a Western basis on the economic plane and the large measure of unification on the same basis which has been accomplished on the political plane are together tantamount to a perfect unification on all planes. Secondly, they have equated unification with unity. . . .
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> [Their] vision of the contemporary world must be confined to the economic and political planes of social life and must be inhibited from penetrating to the cultural plane, which is not only deeper but is fundamental. While the economic and political maps of the World have now been "Westernized" almost out of recognition, the cultural map remains today substantially what it was before our Western Society ever started on its career of economic and political conquest. On this cultural plane, for those who have eyes to see, the lineaments of the four living non-Western civilizations are still clear. Even the fainter outlines of the frail primitive societies that are being ground to powder by the passage of the ponderous Western steam-roller have not quite ceased to be visible. How have our historians managed to close their eyes lest they should see? They have simply put on the spectacles—or the blinkers—of their generation; and we may best apprehend what the outlook of this generation has been by examining the connotation of the English word "Natives" and the equivalent words in the other vernacular languages of the contemporary Western World.
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> When we Westerners call people "Natives" we implicitly take all the cultural color out of our perceptions of them. We see them as trees walking, or as wild animals infesting the country in which we happen to come across them . . . Their tenure is as provisional and precarious as that of the forest trees which the Western pioneer fells or that of the big game which he shoots down. And how shall the "civilized" Lords of Creation treat the human game, when in their own good time they come to take possession of the land which, by right of eminent domain, is indefeasibly their own? Shall they treat these "Natives" as vermin to be exterminated, or as domesticable animals to be turned into hewers of wood and drawers of water? . . . Evidently the word "Native" is not a scientific term but an instrument of action . . . It belongs to the realm of Western practice and not of Western theory; and this explains the paradox that a classificatory-minded society has not hesitated to apply the name indiscriminately to the countrymen of a Gandhi and a Bose and a Rabindranath Tagore, as well as to "primitives" of the lowest degree of culture, such as the Andaman Islanders and the Australian Blackfellows. For the theoretical purpose of objective description, this sweeping use of the word makes sheer nonsense. For the practical purpose of asserting the claim that our Western Civilization is the only civilization in the World, the usage is a militant gesture.[1]

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Wendell Willkie, in his hurried trip, visited large cities, factories, airports and government offices. He talked to factory managers, generals, bureaucrats and high administrators, who were besides anxious for favors, through a good report, from the United States. Not unnaturally Willkie saw that world as one. But it does not take a very long trip in from the seacoast of India or New Zealand or China or Arabia or Africa or Burma or Ceylon to remind those who are willing to see that culturally the world is not one but many. It does not, indeed, take a trip longer than that to our local museum or library, where songs and pictures and statues and symbols and religious books will offer the same evidence. The diversity, moreover, is not just a surface paint. There are even, hard as it is for a Western mind to understand it, "natives"—of China and India and Morocco and Turkey—who not only have no automobiles and bathtubs and radios but who do not want them.

We may summarize the analysis, up to this point, of "one world":

The world is potentially one in the light of a possible ideal of brotherhood, of common humanity. The world is actually one, at least at a certain level, through the direct or indirect influence of a particular technology and method of economic production. Politically and, most deeply of all, culturally, the world is many.

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[1] Quoted by permission from "A Study of History," by Arnold J. Toynbee, Vol. I, I, C, III, (b,) pp. 150-153, published by the Oxford University Press (London) on behalf of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

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I have dealt so far in this chapter with long-term phenomena: of more than a century in the economic and political instances; of a great many centuries in the case of the cultural plurality. I have left unmentioned one growingly familiar and outstanding fact, of direct bearing upon the question of "one world," which is a phenomenon of decades rather than of centuries. This fact more than any of the others has direct relevance to the question of political policy. Political action, however wise, cannot be meaningfully conceived in terms of centuries, but at most, of decades or a generation. Rational political action does not disregard the slow, vast, centuries-old phenomena, but it is compelled to accept them as an element of the situation which is merely "given," like the slowly changing sea for marine life, or the atmosphere. Deliberate political policy must concentrate on the main issue of today and a few years from today.

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The additional fact is that, independently of the unities and diversities which we have been considering, the world today is split sharply and decisively into two incommensurate regions, the communist and the non-communist. The very metaphors of contemporary rhetoric give witness to this split, and to its sharpness. We all know about the "iron curtain" at the dividing line. This metaphor, however, is misleading. The division is not correctly to be thought of as crystallized along a particular geographical line. The communist region infiltrates into every geographical area of the earth; and the split, though plainest along the boundaries of the Soviet Empire, is to be found also within each nation outside of those formal boundaries, dividing within that nation the communists from the non-communists as formidably as, at a given moment, the Elbe divides Germany.

Since much of my study will deal with the split of the world into communist and non-communist fragments, I shall here do no more than note the fact. It is a fact toward which every communist is long adjusted. From the time of Lenin, and implicitly before Lenin, every communist has been drilled to believe that in the world there are only two divisions of mankind: the communists, and all the rest. From the point of view of communist theory, all the thousand differences, among non-communists, or nation or wealth or learning or class or color or religion or policy are as nothing when weighed against that difference which separates the communist from all others. When the communist sings, "The international Party shall be the human race," he means what he says, and he expresses his view of the process by which alone he thinks that ultimate difference can be overcome.

First Colonists?

CHAUNCEY STILLMAN

A FARMER in western Minnesota while clearing a rough slope on a summer day in 1898 tackled an aspen stump that proved particularly stubborn. The stump when finally unearthed was seen to clutch a large flat slab in its roots, the way an eagle's foot might grip a deck of cards. The farmer's ten-year-old son presently called his attention to a series of regular marks cut in the stone's smooth surface that were obviously of human workmanship. The discovery caused a sensation that spread even beyond the locality. People dug in the hillside for buried treasure but were disappointed. The curio was exhibited in a bank window of the nearby village of Kensington. A professor of Scandinavian at the University of Minnesota studied a transcript of the 220 characters. The writing was Norse runes, he declared, describing an expedition from Vinland west, a return to camp from fishing and the discovery of ten of the party "red with blood and dead, Save us . . ." The professor was obliged to leave many blanks, particularly the numerals he found undecipherable. To the scholars who heard of the singular stone at that time, a pre-Columbian expedition to the very heart of this continent was an impossible absurdity. They treated it about as respectfully as they would have treated news of an invasion from Mars. The find was pronounced "a clumsy fraud," perpetrated presumably by a recent Scandinavian immigrant. The verdict seemed final. The discredited stone was returned to the farmer who threw it—fortunately face down—in front of his granary where it served as a doorstep for nine years. Then a young graduate of the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Hjalmar Holand, chanced to visit the remote community while gathering material for a history of the Norwegian immigration.* Having studied runes and Old Norse, he reopened the question of its authenticity.

The linguistic arguments against the inscription, though formidable in 1907, have since been largely demolished by research. Thus Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson in his "Great Adventures and Explorations" (1947) comments that "if a charlatan faked the Kensington stone, he must have been a deeper student of the history of language than any known scholar of the nineteenth century."

The now famous stone was to prove one link in a growing chain of evidence that white men had penetrated the region long before even the Jesuits had pushed up the St. Lawrence. Firesteels, axe, spear and halberd-heads, and a sword apparently of Viking make have been casually discovered over the years. A mysterious grave yielded several of these weapons of medieval European type. Isolated boulders drilled with holes suggested the Norwegian method of mooring boats. These traces were scattered over a wide area southwest of Hudson Bay but principally in the water studded-region between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Superior.

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*America (1355-64). Hjalmar Holand. Duell. $4.00.

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Mr. Holand has spent some forty years on the puzzle. He has tracked fresh clues through great spaces of the United States and Canada, and comparative material in the Scandinavian countries. His quest in libraries paralleled the forest quest: he threaded obscure mazes of early Norse politics, etymology, and archeology. Although he says of his study "that the end is not yet in sight," he has piled up monumental evidence that Norsemen reached the center of this continent nearly a century and a half before Columbus saw its eastern fringe.

The Vinland of Leif Erikson, one is convinced by deduction, was the south shore of New England. A hoary enigma here enters the plot, the round tower at Newport. Mr. Holand demolishes the error-encrusted guess that it was built for a windmill. He establishes that it could have been built only as the inner rotunda of a fortified church, with every essential provided for the celebration of the Mass. This would imply that the builders intended a long stay.

The fitting link in the chain of circumstances comes from Scandinavian history. The king of Norway and Sweden, Magnus Erikson, commissioned an expedition in 1354 to search for subjects of his Greenland colony who had disappeared, presumably as apostates among the Eskimos. A sixteenth century copy of his letter exists charging one Paul Knutson with command of the party, "to take from my bodyguard and also from among the retainers of other men, whom you may wish to take on the voyage. . . . We ask that you accept this our command with a right good will for the cause, inasmuch as we do it for the honor of God and for the sake of our soul, and for the sake of our predecessors who in Greenland established Christianity and have maintained it to this time, and we will not let it perish in our days."

With scrupulous scholarship Mr. Holand weighs every available clue to the course and fate of the Knutson mission. That there are broad gaps after six hundred years have passed is less astonishing than the volume of evidence that he has turned up. When one of these gaps must be crossed the reader is taken on a breathless leap of conjecture; he is never allowed the false comfort of imagining that his feet rest on a bridge of fact. On reaching the far side he finds the atmosphere of surmise exhilarating—a realm that is heroic but no whit fantastic.

A dogged pedant could have uncovered a few of the facts but it took a man of creative imagination to read them and to divine the connecting links. The search of old time resembles criminology and it is no slur on Mr. Holand to liken him to a master detective, or to say that the tale of his studies has the hypnotic hold of a mystery story. We see the villains, at this distance, as—not hostile redskins—but the annulling centuries; the victims to be rescued—not a brave Viking band—but the truths of history.

Mr. Holand has roughed out the plan and filled in many details of a major episode. For all his ingenuity, many of the details are, perforce, tentative. But only a mind fixed upon an obsolete historical hypothesis could reject the gigantic outlines. Mr. Holand poses a marvelous question about the party's fate. It involves the Mandan tribe of Indians, now extinct. Captain Verendrye found them in 1738 in what is now North Dakota, a peaceful *wheat-growing* people with many blue-eyed and fair members, who told of a savior born of a virgin. He leaves the reader tingling with his hope that the missing fragments will speedily appear.

The Stage & Screen

Donald Wolfit's London Company

MR. WOLFIT'S PLAYERS arrived with a most commendable wartime record and it is unfortunate that the plainness (accompanied, I am sorry to say, with a good deal of blur as to delivery) of his Shakespearean Repertoire has here earned him faint praise indeed. However, there is not much question that the honorable shabbiness of his sets and traps matches a less praiseworthy shabbiness of conception, and I cannot feel the entire effort rises much above the high-school level. The plum of the works must unquestionably be the Jonson "Volpone," which I regret to say I missed and will have to pick up during the troupe's last week. However, trusted private opinion, plus Mr. Kronenberger's stimulating critique in the pages of *PM*, attribute lively, witty, thoughtful characterization as to what will undoubtedly be the only uncut version of the comic classic available for some time. Other than this, I believe it will be the company's clear, merry, somewhat nursery "As You Like It" which will please the most, particularly Robert Algar's felicitous handling of the "Greenwood" songs; and following this, "The Merchant of Venice" seemed an honest business. The "Lear" and "Hamlet" it would be as well to skip. The star's incessantly lit, incessantly pathetic, *ululant* grasp of both these giants is not, I think, any way successful. While it is true that a teary "Lear" is not without the bounds of imagination, a whining "Hamlet" is; and I feel I can recommend neither, even to the enthusiastically derisive. (*At the New Century.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Revolt of the Oater

"OATER" is what you call a "western" or the old fashioned horse opera if you wear bobby sox. Or perhaps even if you aren't a Frank Sinatra screamer, you might use the word; because "oater" has been more or less accepted by the trade. But just because a "western" is often considered in the most lowly class of movies, along with pie-slinging comedies, does not mean that it is not trying to rise in station. In recent years some of our leading stars have helped the status of the "western" as well as their own careers by appearing in this type of popular picture; and several of our best directors (beside John Ford) have lent their talents to "oaters" with plus values. The three new horse operas discussed below are distinguished not only by their Grade A productions, but also by their attempts to add (to the mixed thrills of gunfights, hard-riding cowboys and beautiful scenery) themes that are uncommon to the established genre.

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"Pursued" brings psychology to the desert. Against a beautifully photographed (by James Wong Howe) background of New Mexico around 1900, is told the story of Jeb Rand (Robert Mitchum) who has been pursued since boyhood by a revengeful fanatic (Dean Jagger) bent on wiping out all the Rands. But Jeb is also pursued by a nightmare of horror, a recurring dream that can be traced to a frightful event that took place when he was three. Jeb, now a man and cornered in a deserted cabin by his enemies (both the real fanatic and the pursuing hallucination) relates his past in a flashback that provides a series of thrills in the best "western" tradition. It is the flashback technique, however, that is this good film's most obvious weakness, for Jeb recounts incidents of which he could not be aware. Raoul Walsh has directed this screenplay (an original by Niven Busch) with a feeling for open spaces and a nervous tension that combines the elements of a tough horse opera with the suspense of a psychological thriller. Furthermore the action has the inevitability of a Greek drama—with just a little touch of corn.

Jeb kills the son (John Rodney) of the woman who adopted him (Judith Anderson), and later marries her daughter (Teresa Wright) who says she hates him. The Fates move in strange ways; but for this movie to have a happy ending a lot of expositional dialogue is inserted before the finale. For my money, the picture needs even more explanation: as to how such a neurotic as Jeb could be such a good fighter and how he will be cured even *after* the disposal of the gun-shooting villain. (This sudden cure is one of the chief faults of psychological movies that base their heroes' ills on childhood incidents.) In spite of defects, however, "Pursued" has assets that make for good cinema: effective use of camera, excellent acting and extraordinary scenery. And it has nary a single dull moment.

The same cannot be said of *"The Sea of Grass,"* which waves endlessly as it covers 20 years of story. Its main theme, used often by faster moving Grade B "oaters," is the fight during the '80s between the cowboys and the homesteading farmers who fence in their land. Its unusual aspect, beside a big-name cast, is the introduction of adultery into a "western" plot which seldom allows such subjects to detract from gunplay, stampeding cattle and fisticuffs. (Two other recent exceptions are already notorious.)

In this picture Lutie (Katharine Hepburn) originally leaves St. Louis to marry a cattle baron (Spencer Tracy) in the vast grazing empire of the Territory of New Mexico. She fails to share his veneration for grass, and further proves quite a disappointment by siding with the small farmers. The marriage, which goes well at first, especially after the birth of a daughter, goes on the rocks after the birth of a son, whose father, Lutie admits, is the leader (Melvyn Douglas) of the farmers. Later the big cattle baron sends his wife away—and keeps the children. And many years later, the son (Robert Walker) proves to be a very naughty boy indeed, and the daughter (Phyllis Thaxter) is a lovely girl who finally brings her parents together after the son is killed. Elia Kazan has directed this script (which stems from Conrad Richter's novel) as if it were the epic of the ages. The film is arty, full of symbolism and talk and talk. Its characterizations, however, are surprisingly adult in that none are straight black or white; but this is not enough to make a movie move. And neither is all the high-tone dialogue about grass.

The feature that distinguishes *"Angel and the Badman"* from other "oaters" is that the heroine (played by pretty Gail Russell) and her family are Quakers, so consequently the usual rough, tough brawling of the typical "western" is tempered by a gentleness and rather quaint touch of humor. The Badman, played by John Wayne, is as bad as they come; even after he is brought back to life by these Friends in their "house by the side of the road," John continues to be hard-boiled and much feared by other and badder men in the wild west. Director James Edward Grant (who also wrote the script) wasn't afraid to put a few quiet and homely sequences in his picture; but eventually he gets around to the shooting too. This brings Villain Bruce Cabot and Marshal Harry Carey into action. It is only a matter of time, however, before the heroine's thees and thous win John away from his old life. Irene Rich and Lee Dixon (whom you may have seen on the stage in "Oklahoma!") further brighten this picture that sparkles with contrasts.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

The Reluctant Lovers

BACK in December Phil Murray, president of the CIO, wrote a kind of tentative love-letter to William Green, president of the AFL. At that time it was already quite apparent that labor was going to take a beating in the 80th Congress. What was more natural then than that the two separate divisions of the labor movement, estranged these many years, should forget past quarrels long enough to do some public hand-holding, at least in the halls of a hostile Congress?

It is quite possible that Murray figured the AFL would have none of it. Nevertheless, an invitation would look good to the rank-and-file and would also serve to embarrass the AFL. Let us suppose he figured that way, although it is also possible to suppose that such mundane thoughts never entered his head.

Brother Green didn't know what to suppose. He said nothing for a month and a half, and then he took it up at the meeting of the AFL executive council in Miami. The council was indeed embarrassed, but in the end they thought up a device to take themselves off the spot. They told Brother Green to reply to Brother Murray and explain, if possible, that a united front on anti-labor laws was out of the question as long as the AFL and CIO weren't completely united, married, one flesh. They then named a five-man committee to meet with the CIO on organic unity and sat back, happy in the thought that they had now put the CIO on a spot.

Brother Green tried to explain, but he cannot be blamed if he failed to make sense out of what was obviously nonsense. Hopefully, he told reporters, "We offer it (the counter-proposal) in all sincerity, because we named our committee."

As a matter of fact, the committee wasn't so bad. Be-

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sides Green himself, it included George Meany, secretary-treasurer; Dan Tobin of the teamsters, an ardent advocate of unity; Big Bill Hutcheson of the carpenters, an ardent advocate of anti-CIO animus; and John L. Lewis of the miners, an ardent advocate of John L. Lewis, who might conceivably rate his own future as more fascinating in a united movement.

Murray thereupon called a meeting of nine CIO vice-presidents and Secretary-Treasurer Jim Carey. They decided to accept the AFL's invitation to discuss a complete wedding ceremony, and named their own committee, but they also insisted that the anti-labor drive in Congress was the immediate problem and that if this issue were put off until complete unity had been consummated, both AFL and CIO might wake up to find themselves bound hand and foot. The committee included Murray, Walter Reuther of the auto workers, Emil Rieve of the textile workers, Jacob Potofsky of the clothing workers, and Albert Fitzgerald of the electrical workers, the only pro-communist in the lot.

The letter Murray wrote back to Green, however, was very carefully worded, and it by no means frowned on the idea of discussing a full merger. Consequently, it was a little surprising to see Green come back a week later with a letter which says flatly, "You make it clear in your letter" that the CIO has declined the AFL's offer to discuss the creation of "a united organized-labor movement on a sound and permanent basis."

The exact opposite was the truth. If there was anything that Murray did not make clear it was just that. What he did make clear was only common sense, namely, that a limited unity on anti-labor legislation was not only necessary, but possible, and that it was both possible and necessary *immediately*. Green's answer reveals that the whole AFL maneuver was a sham and a delusion. Apparently, those in the top command who want unity only on the basis of surrender are still in control. Which is very discouraging.

Fortunately, there are those within the AFL itself, and by no means all communists, who are not pleased with this action of their top leaders and who can be expected to put some heat on them to mend their ways. *The Trade Union News,* for example, an AFL publication in Philadelphia, wrote a pessimistic note about the chances of unity even before Green's reply. As follows:

"Also standing in the road [of unity] are a few granite blocks of boneheaded selfishness who know no idealism and whose notion about unions is that they are private properties in the nature of satrapies."

Amen.

JOHN C. CORT.

All Your Idols

HARRY SYLVESTER

THE REVEREND Patrick Maguire could not get used to the blue-and-gold-striped tie. When he had found it necessary or at least advisable to wear a tie while in Mexico City he had decided with a very small flicker of pleasure that if he was going to wear color for this brief interlude in his life he would wear that of not so much his favorite college as his favorite football team. Yet even after he had changed to a black tie he was dismayed to find he did not look particularly priestly in his

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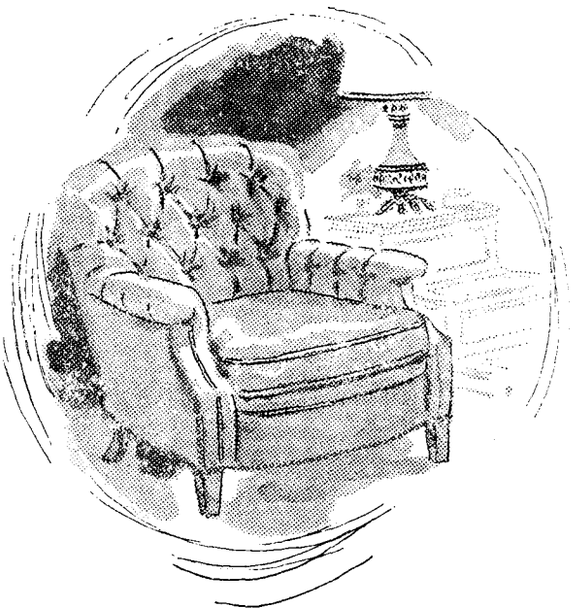

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new garb. The Jesuit, Jaime Noriega, at whose rectory Patrick Maguire was staying, wore a white silk shirt, striped tastefully with grey, and a grey and black tie of the sort usually worn with morning suits; yet Noriega could hardly be mistaken for anything but a priest and a Jesuit at that.

It was, Maguire thought, perhaps that Father Noriega was some fifteen or twenty years older than himself. Still, the whole thing irked him, so much so that vesting himself for Mass each morning was an amazing relief and the time of unvesting himself after Mass one of considerable moodiness. The fault, he concluded during his second week in the country, was his own. He had become convinced of that the afternoon when walking back from visiting the cathedral at the north end of the Zocalo he had stopped in at the Ritz bar for a glass of beer and the two American girls had manifested a friendly and more than passing interest in him.

Leaving the bar in some confusion, the beer almost untouched, he had returned to the rectory and put on a black tie. Looking at himself in the mirror, even then he decided he did not look particularly priestly. Not anger so much as dismay touched him: he felt that somewhere, obscurely, there had been a mistake. Just where and on whose part he could not determine: it was as though at the core of some elaborate and shining structure, like a machine or a baroque church, there was a flaw, known and manifest but neither seen nor defined.

This knowledge stayed with him, troubling him, now obscurely, now openly and sharply, in the sequence of his involved and contingent explorations of the religious aspects of the city. Only for the student of people or of the Church is Mexico City inexhaustible. Any American city of comparable size has more night clubs and more cinema palaces by far. And for the more sophisticated—there is but the opera house for music and the bull-ring for the unusual. But for someone like Maguire, for whom the Church is a life-work or a life-principle, Mexico City and its environs can be explored, almost forever. He ran down the most obvious things quickly, in the first week: he assisted at high Mass in the sanctuary at Guadalupe, while an Indian celebrated Mass, a Spaniard acted as deacon and another Indian as subdeacon. He was what could be called open-mouthed, and there was of course the shock of which he was not aware at the time, but in general he was left with a sense of ineffable well-being after it. And there was the church erected where Cortez's men had fallen through the causeway on what was now the Avenida Tacubaya. And the church made into the department of health, something that left him moderately enraged. And the thoroughly marvelous wood-carving in the closed church at Tepostitlan. For the first time in his life and with some reluctance he decided that there was a church superior to St. Patrick's in New York and that this was it. And there was the hidden convent, now populated principally by guides and Oklahoma school teachers.

It was in the course of his ramblings and from one of the tourist guides—Maguire's Spanish being indifferent—that he first heard of the prophet in the south. Like all of his kind, this prophet foretold the future. What details of the future were left vague by the first guide and the succeeding ones who spoke to Maguire of the man. But he was a man of unquestioned sanctity—of that they were all sure. A prophet and more than a prophet, too, a wonder-worker. He cured fevers and eruptions.

Noriega tried to persuade Maguire not to make the journey. It was difficult and perhaps dangerous country wherever the prophet was, in Oaxaca or southern Vera Cruz. But that was the wrong approach for someone like Maguire; the Jesuit found this out too late. Also, Noriega went on, the man was very probably a faker, if he existed at all other than in the mind of a guide anxious to make business for himself and confrères.

"If that's the case," Maguire said, "then I might be doing someone a service by going down there and scotching the thing. And scotching it effectively."

Seeing the way it was, Noriega waved a hand, muttered something unintelligible in Spanish, and went back to reading his office. They had just finished a late breakfast, it having been a feast day and both of them saying two Masses. Maguire was troubled obscurely and by many things, some of them nameless to him; he decided not to wait, he would leave that day. He telephoned the guide who had seemed most interested in the prophet, and found the man cooperative. He would attend to Maguire's train reservations, he would meet him and take him to the station, he would even be glad to go with Maguire, at, of course, the usual rate per day for guides. When Maguire said that he wanted to go alone, the guide said that he would wire ahead to a friend to meet Maguire, for after all he would need a guide.

When it became evident that he could not dissuade his young colleague from the journey, the Jesuit asked him why he did not fly down. By train it took from two to five days; by plane a little more than two hours.

"If I go by train I'll see more of the country," Maguire said. In the back of his mind there was some vague association with a pilgrimage: he had become convinced that his lack of priestly appearance had something to do with his character, with that secret and even from himself hidden flaw. A pilgrimage could be a penance, too, some part of him had decided.

"As you wish," Noriega said in English. "But at least take a medical kit with you."

"My Mass kit and my clothes are all I need," Maguire said.

"A medical kit, too—please," Noriega said with something like impatience. He turned away.

So Father Maguire took off that afternoon, somewhat reassured by the time-table, which in good, clear Arabic numerals said that the train would reach Ixtepec in a day and a half. There was one antique pullman on the train. One end of the car, Maguire's, was empty save for himself; the other was occupied by a General and his party. In between there were a few people, notable only for their sadness and the Mexican's almost inevitable thinness. The General seemed greatly occupied with a girl a good deal younger than himself, so Maguire turned his back on the others and read his breviary and looked at the country.

First wide plains, with many shades and tints of yellow and dun and green, the land began to slope downward and become increasingly richer. At times, clouds hid the country from the priest and annoyance rose in him that it was the rich country, the barrancas and gorges with their streams and plantations of coffee and banana that were sporadically hidden from him. He supposed that if he had been of a mystical bent like Saint John of the Cross or Meister Eckhart, he would have been able to find some

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meaning in the frequent cloudings over, but he could not say that he was, although in time he grew ashamed of his annoyance.

Nor could he say that the seminary had particularly prepared him for encounter with mysticism in any form. It was true that he had been taught most supernatural manifestations were either fake or diabolic, but he couldn't remember exactly just how one might determine if any was authentic. He had covered the Breviary with plain paper, as foreign priests were not allowed in Mexico, and now began to wonder if he were avoiding an issue.

At the town of Cordoba with dusk beginning to settle like a fine grey rain in the valleys, Maguire began to feel that all was not right with the time-table. They were changing engines, the conductor told him in answer to his query after they had been there a half-hour. But it grew dark and flares began to shed a wavering light over workmen along the rails, and still the train did not move.

Maguire went to the car back of his own, a kind of diner, about as old as the Pullman. There the General's party had taken over, with most of the waiters around it in postures of admiration. The General himself hailed Maguire as the priest came into the diner, and Maguire felt compelled, not without a certain foreboding, to move with dignity toward the General.

"An American," the General said in fairly good English. "Sit down. I am glad to see that unlike most of your countrymen you are not afraid to go below Mexico City. Sit down."

Since there was no place to sit, what with the General's aides, his girl, and assorted and less definite people, Maguire continued to stand. "I know exactly what you are," the General said, and Maguire grew alarmed. "You are an engineer. You are down here to work on the road in the mountains of Chiapas."

Maguire shook his head. "No," he said and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. "I am a journalist." The lie at least had been a concession to the truth.

"Better still," the General said. "You can write about me in the North American papers."

"I would be glad to talk with you tomorrow," Maguire said. "When there are less people about."

"As you say," the General said. He seemed disappointed.

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All the next day the train alternated between standing still, sometimes for hours, and bumping slowly along, now through jungle or narrow hill passes, again across mysterious stretches of plain that seemed always to end in more jungle or forest. Maguire had set himself to ignore the General if that were possible, and as the day wore on it became apparent that the General had forgotten him. In the heat Maguire frequently drowsed and late in the afternoon fell asleep. He was wakened in half-light by someone shaking gently his shoulder and he saw it was one of the General's aides, a young officer. The man was looking at him with curiosity and pity and Maguire's first reaction was one of annoyance. "Is this yours?" the officer said, in bad English, holding out the breviary to him. He held it open, as presumably he had found its limp pages on the floor.

Maguire's first reaction was one of annoyance rather than fear. For an instant he thought of denying ownership and the thought stung him as would physical pain. "Yes," he said. "Thank you. It must have fallen as I slept."

The officer bowed almost imperceptibly and left him. Outside, it was dark and Maguire looked at the hills which here came close up to the tracks like vague animals. But pity, he thought, why pity? The man must think him a fool. He wondered what they could do to him; probably no more than jail him for a brief time and then the American consul would get him out. Shadows fell across his knees and he glanced up to see the General himself and the young officer.

"Con permiso," the General said. "With permission," and sat down across from Maguire. The young officer sat next to the General. Maguire looked at them, feeling his mouth tighten into a line. Anger was the only thing he clearly recognized in himself and he wondered if any of the martyrs had also felt anger.

For some reason, the General was ill at ease. Not greatly, but perceptibly; it was part of some complex emotion. "I would like to talk to you," he began, "but not to—embarrass you. You must certainly know you are in our country illegally, but that is not what concerns me."

"What does concern you?" Maguire asked. He felt the anger die slowly in him.

The General looked at him before speaking. "Perhaps I should say I am curious. As to what you are doing down here? I know you are a priest, but there are priests down here, a few. Nor is it a part of the country where one goes for sight-seeing."

Maguire knew he did not ponder whether he should tell the truth or not. But there was a slight hesitation

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before he said: "I am down here to—see a miracle worker, or anyhow a prophet."

The General looked at him again in a completely different fashion; there was again that hint of pity Maguire had seen in the young officer. Then the General said: "You really believe in such things?"

Maguire felt himself darken. "I think that they have occurred. Not so often as some would believe, but often enough."

Looking out the darkened window, the General nodded, distracted by something. Almost a minute passed without any of them speaking; the young officer looked politely at his hands. "Down here," the General said, "as you must know, there is a great deal of how do you say it, fakery. I am afraid it is one of the things that led to the repressive laws."

"It made an excuse for the operation of the hate of a lot of anti-clericals," Maguire said.

"You mean that you feel to be anti-clerical is also to be anti-Church?" the General asked.

Maguire almost said yes in his haste to refute the General, simultaneously to defend against, attack and confute the Church's enemies. But something, more obscure than fear, more subtle than anger, made him hesitate. "No," he said. "But one frequently becomes the other."

"My point," said the General, "is that a lot of those who were not against the Church, nor even against the clergy, sided with those of us who were; and that they did this because of the way the people's credulity had been abused."

Trying to speak, Maguire choked on his words, although in his anger and shame he could not think what the words would have been could he have uttered them.

"I am sorry," the General said. He stood up. "What I would like to say is that if there is anything we can do for you down here, any way in which we can help you, let us know. I have an American Army jeep," he went on.

"I don't think I'll need your help," Maguire said.

"I trust not. But it will be there if you do. This is not Mexico City." The General went off down the aisle and Maguire could see the man was angry. He himself sat there in the dull yellow light and wondered why the General had not been more violent. Perhaps he would do something later, have him arrested. They were stopped at a little station again. The nearby buildings were mostly thatch-roofed. In the few faint electric bulbs, the light of kerosene torches, Maguire could see how the village was hardly more than a clearing in jungle: there was no place he could look but the trees came in and stood over every shed or dwelling. He looked at the worn paint of the lettering on the station sign. *LOS TIGRES.* A good name for it, he thought.

Eventually he slept again, but the night had not been a good preparation for the next day, which came upon him in white sun and the clatter and sway of the train trying to make up time. They were in plains again between mountains, not unlike those of the north, he remembered. At breakfast, he heard someone say the General had threatened the train crew if there were any more delays for which they were responsible; so that Maguire was reminded again of the peculiarly final power the military seemed to possess here in Mexico.

They came into Ixtepec about noon. Maguire was relieved to find a small, not unattractive city with flowers and trees planted by man near the railroad yard, two- and three-story buildings and at the end of one long street the dome of a large church rising above the town. He had expected another village hacked out of jungle. The men seemed peculiarly nondescript, the women tall for Indians and very beautiful. Their beauty was confusing to Maguire. They wore long, full dresses of light materials and in bewilderment he had to admit that more of them were beautiful than one might find in a similar number of white women. Baskets on their heads, erect and slender, the long dresses made them seem to flow along the street, gave to most of them a universal grace of motion he had never witnessed before.

★

Someone was calling his name, its vowels all wrong. He turned and saw two things, a squad of soldiers, small men in faded and shapeless uniforms, saluting the General as he alighted from the train, and against them, approaching himself at a kind of shambling trot, a nondescript creature whose salient feature was a single gold tooth, bright in the sun. The man was short and needed a shave, his clothes—principally a shirt and pants—were not old but they were dirty, and his face, at once brutish and ingratiating, immediately disturbed Maguire.

"Señor Magoo-e-rah," he said two or three times and Maguire acknowledged that such was he. He could not understand the man's rapid speech and said so in his own halting Spanish. But the man's English was impossible. He was a guide, however, Maguire made out. And he was all ready to take Maguire to the prophet. The priest thought it might be best to go first to a hotel, but it was only over the guide's protests that he was able to get to the town's single hostelry. In the room, without bath or water, he would have liked to wash and rest, but the guide waited impatiently in the lobby or patio outside the latticed door and Maguire joined him and went out into the hot sun again.

It seemed that there was not so much a miracle worker or a prophet as a miraculous statue. And it was not far from the city. Of course automobiles were very expensive here, and they would have to hire an automobile. In addition there was the guide's own usual fee. While the man went for an automobile, Maguire ate some lunch. His unease was complex and on many levels. He had ceased to fear the General or the law, and he had brought sulfaguanidine for the dysentery and had his typhoid shots, so he was not afraid for his health. He thought it might be homesickness from which he suffered, but its quality was different.

The man returned alone in an old car. Maguire found himself lacking appetite and without finishing his lunch got up and went out to the car, much as would a man trying to escape himself or wishing to get some ordeal over and done with. . . . It took them less than five minutes to be out of the small city and onto a rutted and dusty road. There were those mysterious plains again, full of subtle color, always ending in mountain or forest. And here and there small villages of adobe and thatch, looking scattered and impermanent against the long, water-like swell of the hills.

To estimate distance traveled on such a road in that country was not easy and Maguire did not know whether he was ten or twenty miles from Ixtepec when they at last stopped in a village somewhat larger than any yet

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passed through. In the sun-baked plaza, by afternoon there moved only a few scrawny chickens in the light, and unwillingly two or three people in shade. There was a kind of town hall or government building, whose wooden doorway opened only on the darkness of shadow, and, of course, a church. The church was typical of many Maguire had seen in small towns, badly weathered, here and there the masonry cracked or crumbling, and stained by water and fungi.

The church's doors were open, Maguire was relieved to find, and he asked if the priest was there. The guide shook his head. It had been many years since a priest had been here, he said. Not even for fiestas had they had one.

But they had kept the church open and sustained it, Maguire said.

As the señor saw, the guide said.

They were apparently expected, for as they approached the church, another man, in quality resembling the guide, came out to meet them. Maguire's unease arose upon seeing this man, and yet he knew it was not the man himself who disturbed him; rather the man and his resemblance to the guide had been a catalytic. Unable to follow the others' rapid Spanish Maguire moved slowly into the church and as he crossed the threshold, at last knew the source of his unease. If there was a miraculous statue, it was indeed strange that no priest had been here in years, if only sent to investigate by the bishop. Well, if it was a fake, he would so proclaim it, Maguire told himself, and if by chance it were genuine . . . well, who knew but what it had been intended for himself, an American, to discover and make known this latest miracle. . . .

The windows were deeply recessed and even with the afternoon blazing outside admitted only a twilight to the place. It took Maguire a moment or two to accustom his eyes to the light and then he was able to see the statue and several people kneeling before it. For some reason, as he slowly approached the altar to one side of which the statue stood near the back wall, his eyes focused on the people kneeling rather than the statue. There were two women and three or four children. One of the women prayed with definite motions of lip and hand. On her back, in a *reboza,* she carried a baby. The eyes of the women and of the oldest child were fixed . . . so that Maguire became ashamed of his own doubts.

He looked at the statue. It was not indentifiable as any saint he knew, although it possessed in common with most such statues a certain fixed and contrived expression of piety, the cumulative product of many generations of not so much bad artists as cynical ones. Like many such statues in Mexico, Maguire noticed, this one wore real clothing and a kind of wig.

Heavily Maguire knelt on the dusty wooden floor. He could not say that he felt particularly devout; and he thought this might be because the statue lacked identity. Turning, he saw the guide close by him, standing and with a most peculiar and unreadable expression on his face. Suspicious, Maguire turned still further to look for the other man and saw him at the back of the church, near the door, standing. The guide knelt as a kind of afterthought, and Maguire asked him the name of the statue.

"Quien sabe?" the guide said. "Who knows? It is that of a devout man who once lived near here."

Although he no longer was aware of any fear, Maguire was not at ease. Prayer was distant from his mind and his eyes wandered about the church, seeing the bare altar, the greyish glass of the windows, the crooked diagonal cracks in the wall. It might have been said that he felt foolish and he began to wonder when he could get a train back, when he might even fly back. . . .

Something gleamed on the forehead of the statue, a mere winking of grey light, quickly gone. Maguire stared at where it had been, but could see nothing. Continuing to stare, he saw a drop of water trickling over the graven face and as he watched another followed it. His principal feeling was one of discomfort and for some reason he looked at the kneeling women. Again his doubts were shamed: their faces were fixed and devout, they not only saw what he did, they also believed. Still, some not easily satisfied part of the priest doubted. If there were only some other manifestation than those two or three drops of water. . . . As if his mind has been read, the statue began to speak. Its mouth, cast open in the face, did not move, but the voice was clear and only slightly muffled. Unable to understand the Spanish, Maguire listened for some evidence of trickery, the mechanical burr of a phonograph, the distortion of a ventriloquist. But neither was there, only the voice speaking slowly in the heat and the silence.

Turning to the guide, Maguire asked what the statue said and the man gestured for silence with a finger on his lip. This seemed reasonable enough to Maguire and he waited, trying to understand the words. Something about good health, and rain. The voice ceased, although the sweat continued to course slowly over the unmoving face. The guide tapped Maguire's shoulder and said it was ended.

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Maguire arose, feeling the heaviness still in his limbs. Although the women and their children were departing, the guide seemed in no hurry. At the door the other man waited and the women as they passed offered him money which he took. It was not this fact of itself which disturbed Maguire but rather the way the man accepted it, as though it were due him, without humility. This coming after his final belief in what he had seen, left Maguire more than usually confused and even shaken.

For an instant his emotions were more complicated than he could remember their ever having been. In amazement and shame he saw that what prevented him from doing what he wanted to do, what some part of him deeply knew should be done, was his own desire to appear in Mexico City, even in his own city in the States, with the news that he had been the first priest, the first American to see this miracle.

One of the women was arguing with the man at the door. She apparently had no money and the man was pretty angry about it. Then Maguire cracked. Turning, as he started for the statue, he felt the guide's arm try to stay him. Then he had leaped to the railing before the altar and snatched at the wig. It came off easily in his hand. Something white flew with it, fell to the floor and cracked. It was a plate containing salt which scattered on the floor. His mind went back to a class in high school chemistry; deliquescent salt.

They were yelling in their half-hysterical voices and he looked up. The women had gone but both men were

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coming for him and in the guide's hand a knife gleamed. Maguire, a big man, wrenched a post out from under the railing and as they came for him went to meet them. They stopped and began to circle him. He struck at the knife and to his own amazement struck the hand holding it. The other man caught at his legs and he swung back and down with the club, felt it thud home before his eyes saw the man, and heard one yelp of pain become two. They began to run and he went after them as far as the door of the church. There he stopped. Anger remained but the fury seemed to have died. There was something more needful to do. Slowly, still carrying his club, he returned to the railing and the statue. Then, because he felt it was necessary for the sake of the people of the place, Maguire did a terrible thing. He raised the club, held it suspended in mid-air a moment as in reluctance, then struck the legs of the statue. It shattered at the first blow, the whole upper part falling, intact even as it fell, but suddenly rubble as it struck the floor.

Quickly, in a complex shame, he left the place. He felt that he should find the women and their children and try to explain to them. But in the hot sun there was no one, not even his enemies. In it he knew that the fury had not died, but had become something else.

There had been too much of it, he told himself, too much of something. Why in the name of God couldn't they pray to God, or for the intercession of the saints, without having also to *see* them. He wondered who was at fault and dared not try to assess the blame. If he could only find the women and explain to them that God existed whether the miracles were fake or real, the worshippers rich or poor. But there was no one in sight, only the chickens. He thought of the General and supposed he owed the General something, perhaps even an apology. When he got back to Ixtepec, he would talk with the General, not for the General's sake, but for his own, to show the General there were in the Church some who could break images and still believe in God.

He began the long walk to Ixtepec in the road's white dust. The dust rose and choked him, the sun was a blow through his clothing. He accepted them as he would accept everything that day, as a kind of penance, for himself, for those who had so perverted his own Church's teachings that such things could happen as he had seen today. But mostly that the women and their children might know God truly.

Books of the Week

Economic Policy and Full Employment. Alvin H. Hansen. Whittlesey. $4.00.
Planning and Paying for Full Employment. Edited by Abba P. Lerner and Frank D. Graham. Princeton. $2.50.

PROFESSOR HANSEN'S latest book is a series of semi-popular essays on "the central problem to which we must address ourselves if we really want the free-market economy to work. How can we ensure that the total outlay on goods and services will be adequate to provide full employment?"

Those who are not yet convinced that the problem as Hansen states it is the central problem can sit this one out—and prepare as gracefully as possible for the disappearance of their own pet version of the private enterprise system. The rest of us, however, can learn a thing or two from one of the best of American econ-

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omists as we grope around for our own answers to the many complicated questions which he raises.

The three programs which Hansen has relied upon principally "as reasonable adaptations to our changing economic condition are: (1) social security and progressive taxation, (2) compensatory fiscal policy, (3) a developmental program" — i.e., a comprehensive and flexible program of public investment and developmental projects. The purpose of these three separate but interrelated approaches is to effect a "revolutionary advance in our standard of living," without which we cannot hope to achieve full employment. Hansen is worried—and would that some of his critics were equally worried—about the fact that "our productive capacity is now 75 percent or more above that of 1929." Unless a method or a combination of methods is found to distribute the fruits of this unprecedented productivity in a more equitable manner, look out below!

In the course of developing the many separate phases of his familiar three-point program, Professor Hansen takes time out occasionally to reply to some of his critics—always gracefully and in singularly good taste. In addition, he includes in the present volume, for the convenience of at least one grateful reader, a working summary of the current full-employment programs of several nations. All in all, while there is nothing strikingly new or original in *Economic Policy and Full Employment,* the book is a welcome addition to the rapidly expanding American library on the subject of economic stability and full employment. But one doubts that Hansen has spoken the final word on the subject.

Another reviewer has already put his finger on one of the principal weaknesses of the Hansen approach. Mr. George Soule, writing in the *New Republic,* which presumably is as sympathetic to the Hansen point of view as is any other magazine in the United States, concludes his review as follows: "The success of the compensatory-spending program ultimately depends on the willing cooperation of big business, big farmers' organizations and big unions in acting, not for their immediate and particular interests, but for the interest of all. Is it in the nature of pressure groups to behave in this way? If not, how can they be induced, or cajoled, or compelled, to do so? This, it seems to me, is the next point of attack for those who wish to prevent unemployment while at the same time preserving private enterprise."

A good point, to which all of the advocates of compensatory fiscal policy and related *external* approaches to the problem of full employment might well devote the better part of their energy in the months ahead.

"Planning and Paying for Full Employment" is a symposium of eleven papers by as many different economists on a wide variety of subjects which are hinted at in the title itself. The book is an outgrowth of a conference which was held in Princeton, New Jersey, in the summer of 1944 under the auspices of the American Conference on International Affairs. Particularly useful for the busy reader is the concluding paper by Dr. Abba P. Lerner, "An Integrated Full Employment Policy," which gathers up the scattered fragments of the Princeton conference and comments in passing on the points of disagreement among the participants.

Neither the Princeton seminar nor Dr. Hansen comes up with a perfect answer to the problem of reconciling freedom and planning, but they do make a very convincing case for the necessity of some kind of planning for full employment and maximum production. Professor

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Landauer of the University of California, one of the contributors to the Princeton symposium, states the issue very clearly: "A large part of American public opinion is prejudiced against planning because of its Russian origin. The communists as well as the conservatives have done their utmost to create the conviction that the three essential elements of the Russian system, i.e., the dictatorial form of government, the collective ownership of factories and farms, and economic planning cannot be separated. This contention is untenable. . . . On the contrary, since planning is the only safe way to prevent depressions, and since every major depression creates a strong temptation to trade political liberty for alleged economic security, a national economic plan is an indispensable protection for free institutions in the future."

It is only to be hoped, of course, that national planning (which is admittedly necessary and inevitable) will not become exclusively synonymous with governmental planning. There is a place for governmental action in achieving full employment, but, again, what about the rôle of the organized economic groups in society? In almost all of the writing on full employment in the United States there is a tendency to slip into the easy assumption that the government can do the trick alone. Even if it can, it shouldn't.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

Journey Through My Years. James M. Cox. S. & S. $4.50.

JAMES M. COX, having reached the age of 76, decided that it was fitting that he should publish his autobiography, and accordingly did so. His decision was at least a pleasant contrast to those of various other nonentities who have decided, in their late thirties, that autobiographies were necessary. In his book, the man who was governor of Ohio three times and who campaigned for the presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1920 tells much that is rather well known, but also a good deal that is not common knowledge. At an early age he became a reporter in Cincinnati; in 1898 he acquired a newspaper in Dayton; at present he is a publisher in Georgia and Florida as well as in Ohio. Journalism alone would have kept him in touch with the important movements of the last half century; his political activities brought him into direct contact with leaders in many fields. Frequently Mr. Cox takes the reader down an interesting bypath but eventually the main highway that the author followed in his journey through the years is regained and the trip is resumed.

Of particular interest to many will be his remarks about the 1920 campaign, when with Franklin D. Roosevelt as his running mate, the two tried to interest the country in the League of Nations. The visit made by Cox and Roosevelt to the ailing Wilson in 1920 is one of the best accounts in the book. The sincere adherence of Cox and Roosevelt to the League at that time can hardly be questioned. By 1932, as Charles A. Beard makes evident in his recent book "American Foreign Policy in the Making," Franklin D. Roosevelt no longer had any respect for the League. Cox maintains that his loyalty to Wilson's project never faltered.

Cox has kind words for Alfred E. Smith; harsh words for the friends and associates of Warren G. Harding. He has no compliments for Harding, either, but the book is free from bitterness. Franklin D. Roosevelt is repeat-

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edly praised; letters that passed between the two men are reproduced. The reason for the hiatus between 1922 and 1940 is not given. Were there no letters during that long interval? The great and the near great march through the pages; American history since 1900 is given a fresh and interesting interpretation. It's a good thing that Mr. Cox wrote it. PAUL KINIERY.

The Left Hand Is the Dreamer. Nancy Wilson Ross. Sloane. $3.50.

A HARDBOILED reader's report on the present volume might run something like this: "A psychoanalytical story of a rich, aristocratic provincial matron who finds out that her loveless marriage was an escape from reality. Orthodox Freudian plot, complete with amateur and professional medicine men, ends on a wistful note of hope when the lady decides to divorce her soldier-husband and marry an anti-fascist refugee intellectual whose victory over despair inspired her own choice. A special feature of the book is its contrast between a decadent smalltown aristocracy and free-minded artists. The author, an artist herself, has a remarkable sense of the visual, and a sensibility so acute that it trembles on the verge of hysteria. The individual characters are oppressed by their own problems as well as by the state of the world and may be regarded as symbols of a jittery adjustment to post-war change. The book is honest, serious and well-written. It will appeal to readers who look to psychiatry and psychology for their salvation."

"The Left Hand Is the Dreamer" is, therefore, another fictional quest for peace of mind, another literary document testifying to the sad uncertain yearning for spiritual security. Its real message was written many centuries ago by Saint Augustine when he said: "Our heart finds no rest until it rests in Thee . . . But who can call upon Thee, that knows Thee not? For they who know Thee not may call upon Thee by names that are not Thine."

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY.

Picasso: the Recent Years. Harriet and Sidney Janis. Doubleday. $7.50.

IT IS indicative of the present confusion of ideas in art, that while in Paris art students tore down many of Picasso's recent pictures in the first post-war exhibition of his work (taking good care not to damage them) in London the same type of public gazed in adoring wonder. It is high time, indeed, that the world was presented with a comprehensive review of the latest period of Pablo Picasso's maturity. This, Harriet and Sidney Janis's magnificent book succeeds quite admirably in doing. The 135 illustrations are intelligently chosen from the artist's work through the years 1939-1946, and the sparse, reasoned commentary is a real help, instead of the hindrance such letterpress more often is.

In addition to the sculptures, many of them portraits (simultaneous full-face and profile) and to the still life with which the public is relatively familiar, a series of important small landscapes is reproduced, painted in Paris and the Isle de la Cité, which are more realistic in approach than many phases of Picasso's recent work, and certainly mark an important moment in his art. Both for these, and for some of the portraits, photographs of the subject are also provided, which give the reader an interesting sidelight on the artist's conception as such, with many undertoned implications about modern theories of art which are very opportune.

Recommended at this season

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It is important to realize that during the whole war period, while Picasso's production was unflagging, his political attitude was entirely uncompromising. Although he occasionally gave small sketches to German soldiers, he refused to sell them any of his works, or to have any dealings with the invading bourgeois. Recently he has demonstrated once more his convictions by painting a portrait of Maurice Thorez.

This serious and well turned out book, like the art of Picasso itself, raises many underlying problems to surface level, and is a stimulus to eye and to intellect.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Grandeur In Tennessee. Gifford A. Cochran. J. J. Augustin. $15.00.

TENNESSEE is not without proud monuments. There is, to mention only one example, the State Capitol at Nashville, a Greek revival triumph from the hand of William Strickland. Glistening all night long in the rays of a hundred searchlights, it today reminds even the most casual traveler that Tennesseans were gloriously aware of architecture on the eve of the Civil War.

Back in the days when Andrew Johnson was battling for the rights of his fellow mudsills in the halls of Congress, the artistocrats of Nashville and Columbia were dignifying the frontier with town and country houses almost as graceful as the State Capitol itself. William Giles Harding, so rich that he was later accused of sinking $5,000,000 in the cause of the Confederacy, had William Strickland remodel a farmhouse into one of the noblest Greek revival mansions of the South.

"Belle Meade," the Harding villa, is splendidly illustrated in "Grandeur In Tennessee." And so is "Belmont," the Corinthian town house of Mrs. J. A. C. Acklen. But it would be foolish to name any other buildings, for "Grandeur In Tennessee" features every notable contribution of the State to the history of American architecture. Though no one but a trained architect can appreciate to the fullest the many measured drawings, anyone can enjoy the dozens of superb photographs. A feast for both lovers of Southern history and fans of American architecture, the book is worth every penny of its impressive price.

The text is not to be overlooked. In nineteen pages Gifford Cochran sums up not only the distinctive features of Tennessee architecture but also the ever-important economic and geographic forces.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

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